GARGOYLE

DOES NOT EXIST

Fall 2024 Issue 2

GargOyle BRAND MAGAZINE

Volume CXVI, Number 2 Fall 2024

STAFF

Luke Homans.....René Magritte's Pancreas
Ruth Marks.....imaginary
Annika Smits.....on a winter bird diet of nuts and berries
Charlie Splete.....Laughter Canner
Sabrina Barnes.....DIY-ing a star destroyer

Jacqueline Brace.....hate the buggy driver, not the buggy driven
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Mia Lambert.....was the imposter
Madeline Lewis.....for a free audit call (313)202-0222 with code GOG!
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Charlotte Mulroy.....is this anonymous
Silvia Negrut.....is off the grid
Mia Norbey.....already battling seasonal depression
Megan Okubo.....siltwich
Severin Orr.....let me make you a trollsona
Paolo Poquiz.....just popping in
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Elena Runion.....Ennui? No! Enoui
Eve Sotham.....forbidden fruit enjoyer
Bethany Stahlin.....now with a fucked up finger
Alexander Voorhees.....pro cone dodger

Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, & proclamations to:

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www.gargmag.com

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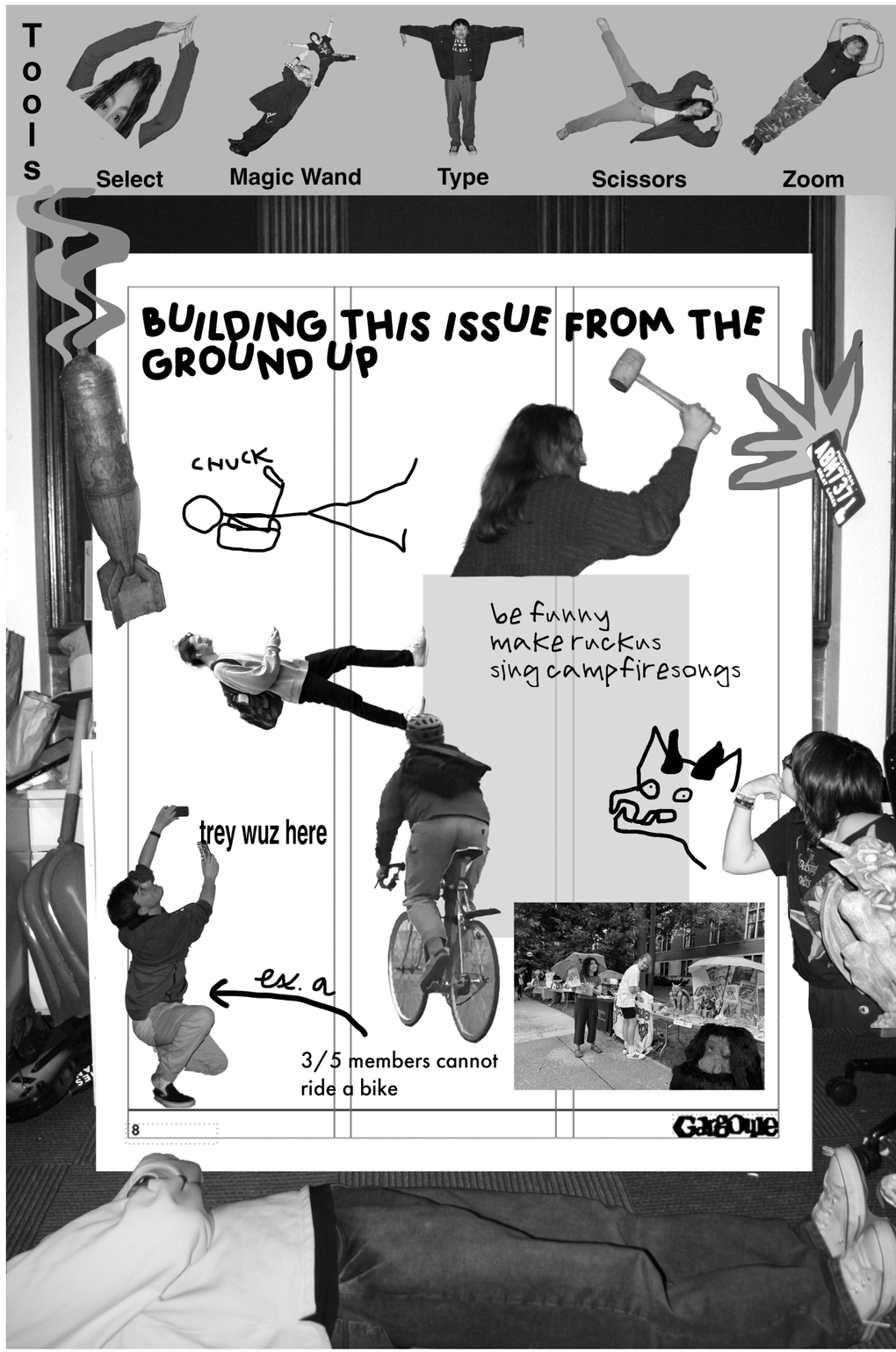


Rumspringa

By Jacqueline Brace

Dear Brother Jedediah,

You'll never guess who came home today: Brother Gargtholemew! I suppose I owe you that cow, because I truly thought the day would never come. When the third year since he'd left on his Rumspringa came and went, I assumed he had abandoned us for the whorish pleasures of the outside world. Yet, 115 years later, he's returned for his baptism! And you wouldn't believe the stories he's brought with him.

Old Gargtholomew just keeps going on and on about some newspaper he was a part of called "The Gargoyle." He says it was the only official humor magazine at some fancy city school. He always was quite a riot!

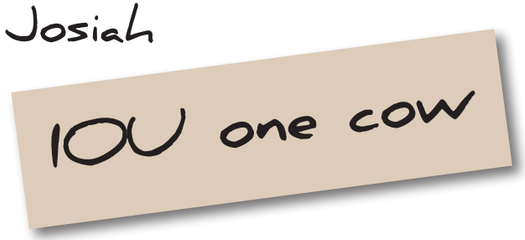
I guess he got up to all kinds of other mischief while he was running that newspaper too. Remember those wars that happened a little while back? Apparently, he fought in a couple of them, and protested a couple other ones. He's got a whole bombshell full of military medals and keepsake grenades. Our little brother even claims to have met the president of America! A few of them, actually... the one we like, the one we don't like, and the one that got shot in that theater. Was it the theater? No, I think it was the car. Anywho, he got real good at some game called "foosball." Yes, I did spell that right, it's not football it's foosball. He traveled all over the world playing this 'foosball,' meeting women, trying all kinds of different drinks and candies. He brought me home some to try, and boy are they tasty! I swear one of them made me see God!

I guess eventually he got tired of all that traveling and stuff, so he got a house and put all of his foosball winnings into some technology business. People really liked the fancy buggies they made, so Gargy got even richer. He started going to these fancy places that take your money so you can play games for more money, and he tells me at one point he was living in one of them "casinos." Then, he ran outta money, and he finally decided to come back home.

He's got a bunch more to tell ya, but you have to come home and hear them for yourself. Tell Esther to load up the buggy, 'cause you gotta get over here quick!

Your Brother,

Josiah



GONE GARG

By Molly Anderson

The Gargoyle Humor Magazine, the University of Michigan's most renowned student humor magazine has vanished. The newsstands across campus are devoid of copies that were once released quarterly. The only trace of their existence can be found on a note which was posted on the door of the former Gargoyle office at 420 Maynard St:

The Gargoyle is the funny magazine. That's what everyone says when they refer to this publication, isn't it? Their favorite form of flattery. 'The Garg has me covered when I need a dose of quality comedy,' they say, as if we exist to keep you creatures in good spirits.

Being the funny magazine means we're witty, fresh, but still in touch with our roots. Being the funny magazine means we write exactly the kind of jokes that students want to read. The ones that tease and gag you into oblivion. The Gargoyle loves a double entendre, loves to catch you off guard with its quips and jests. The funny magazine selflessly pours hours of time and effort into creating the perfect issue and then disperses endless copies all over campus—for free.

For such ardent admirers of our publication, your charity doesn't extend much further than your shallow story posts and Instagram comments. I've seen the crumpled, trodden-on copies collecting in the dusty crevices of this campus. I've seen the way you take, take, take and toss us to the side when you're finished. You've bled us dry, folks. We're out of cash and therefore we're out of jokes. Who's laughing now?

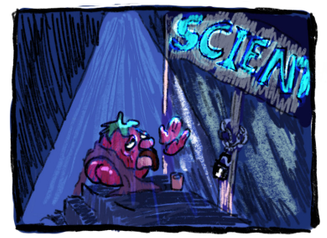
Final Announcements:
Take 40% off your order of merch, stickers, or copies of past issues with code EVERYTHINGMUSTGO at www.gargmag.com.

Please send donations to gargisgone_420 on CashApp or Venmo for our grave fund. We'd like to commemorate 113 years of being the only decent source of campus humor with proper signage."

VeggieTales: Where Are They Now?

By Jamie Simons
Illustrated by Mia Lambert

Larry the Cucumber came out as gay shortly after his VeggieTales stint, and has since become a cultural icon, performing at various drag events.



Bob the Tomato dropped out of the public spotlight some time after his breakthrough show. He was last seen outside of the Church of Scientology, begging to be let back in.

Junior Asparagus took a hard-right turn into televangelism, keeping himself in the television industry. He now considers himself a prophet, saving the souls of the damned.

Archibald Asparagus died surrounded by his loving friends and family members, including Junior's father, Mike Asparagus. Mike and Archibald were not related.

Laura Carrot considers herself a bipartisan voter, supporting each candidate and making rants on Twitter about cancel culture.

IN A POST-ANTI-9/11 WORLD, WE TAKE AIRPORT SECURITY VERY SERIOUSLY.

PLEASE TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES, SIR.
Yeah man, I just celebrated my 102nd birthday yesterday.
Whoa, I never would have guessed. I'm legally blind.
Thanks again for letting me tag along in the jump seat, guys. They didn't want an armed criminal sitting with the other passengers.
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
TSA
GAMMA

By Megan Okubo

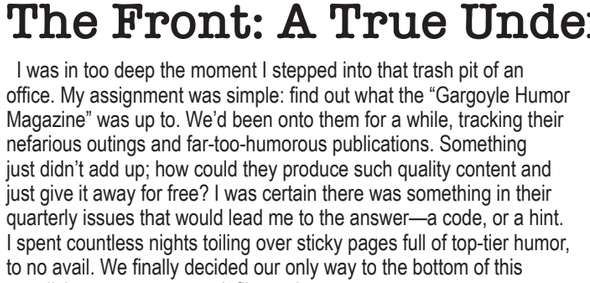
The Front: A True Undercover Account

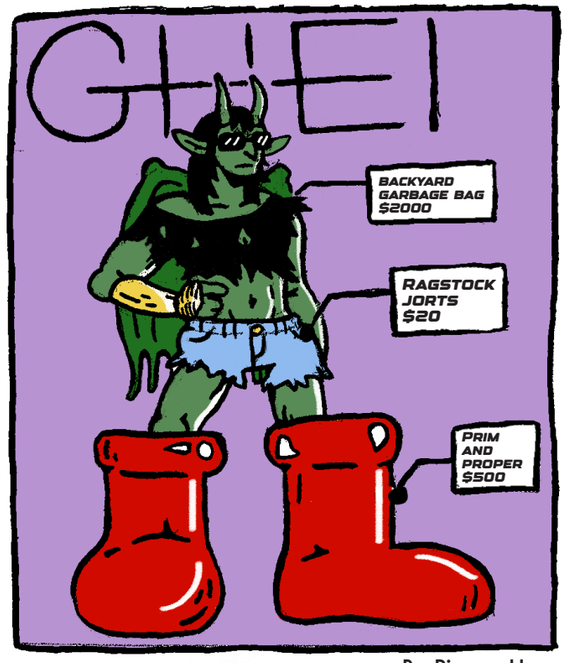
By Jacqueline Brace

I was in too deep the moment I stepped into that trash pit of an office. My assignment was simple: find out what the “Gargoyle Humor Magazine” was up to. We’d been onto them for a while, tracking their nefarious outings and far-too-humorous publications. Something just didn’t add up; how could they produce such quality content and just give it away for free? I was certain there was something in their quarterly issues that would lead me to the answer—a code, or a hint. I spent countless nights toiling over sticky pages full of top-tier humor, to no avail. We finally decided our only way to the bottom of this tantalizing mystery was to infiltrate the source.

I entered the Stanford Lipsey Student Publications building at 4:58 pm on Wednesday, September 4th. I made it into the Gargoyle Office with little trouble, though due to the mounds of crap and piles of wannabe comedians, I was forced to sit inside a stolen shopping cart full of old magazines and unmentionable objects. At 5:00 sharp, an eerie bell tone rang through the office until the initiates fell silent. There was a plume of smoke in the far corner of the room, and from it emerged The Orchestrator. He gazed out at the wide-eyed newcomers, assessing them wordlessly. He demanded each of us tell our best joke on the spot. I cringed as each knock-knock joke earned the innocent pledges a one-way ticket out the door. When it came to my turn, I blacked out. Whatever I said must have been funny enough, because I came to in an office empty but for me and The Orchestrator. He offered me a position on the publication, a lengthy contract in hand. I signed.

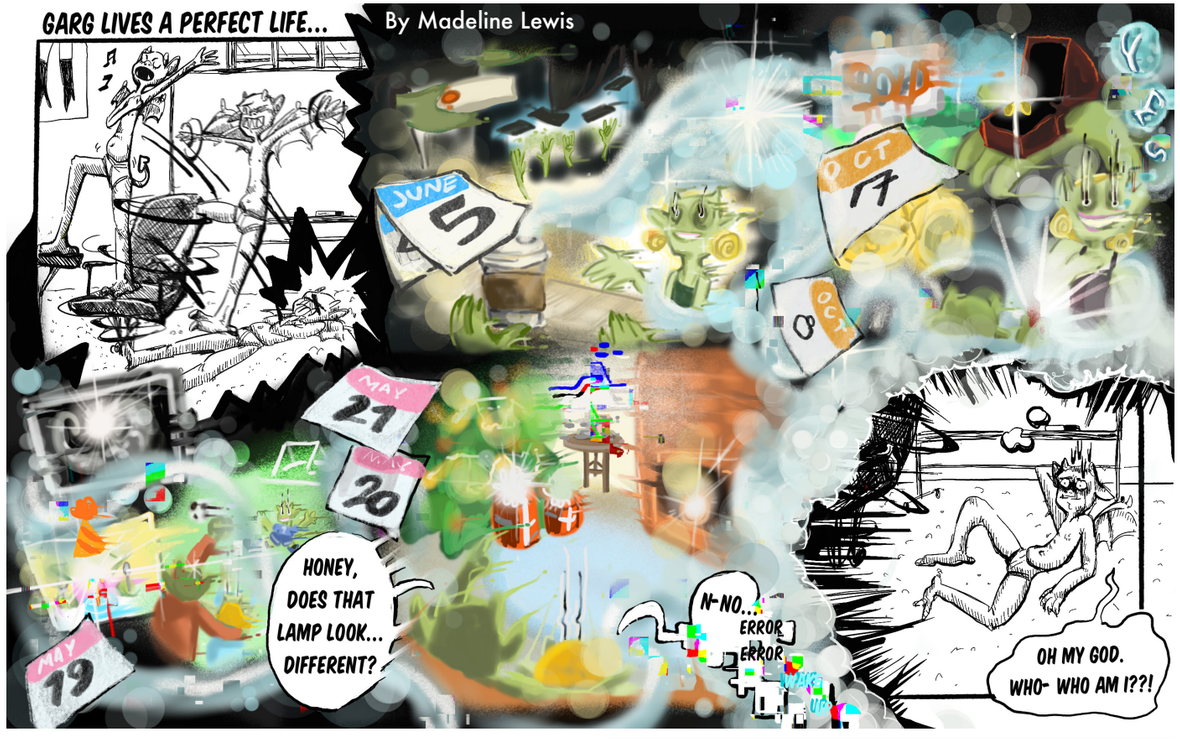
The next few weeks were indescribable. Each day, I sank deeper into the enigmatic swamp of the Gargoyle operation. First, I helped push mattresses out the window and onto the bed of a logging truck. Then, I stuffed dirty mattresses with counterfeit money. I alerted my handler, but he told me to hold out a little longer. Finally, I was brought to the laundromat. Massive washing machines towered over me. A conveyor belt of Gargoyle staffers fed them mattresses full of falsified currency. At last, certain we had uncovered the root of the scheme, my crew decided to act. They decided to raid one of the trucks the next night, while I kept The Orchestrator distracted. When I arrived at my shift, he told me I was ready to see the crown jewel of the operation. I tried to call off the ambush, but it was too late. Just as The Orchestator was about to open the door to his private office, an alarm blared. In a great plume of smoke, he and the entire operation disappeared.





By Pingyu Hsu

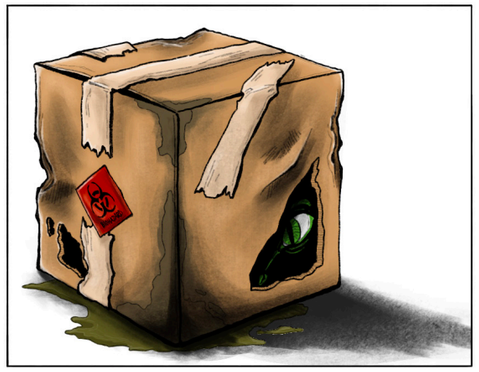
By Lara Ringey



BREAKING NEWS: Schrödinger’s Gargoyle Discovery

by Dixon Cider and Moira Lee Bankrupt

Abstract On a dark and stormy night in Ann Arbor, MI, a hefty package was delivered to the doorstep of 420 Maynard Street. Researchers observed the box as dirty, beat up, and dripping with an unknown substance, and brought it to the lab immediately. After several rounds of trials, researchers were unable to break into the box, and relentless efforts to penetrate led to harsh growling sounds erupting from the object, as well as the ticking of a Geiger counter. Wait. . . is the sound of the Geiger counter getting louder? Hey can somebody check on th



By Madison Dennis

By Charlie Splete

DON'T LET THE PIGEONS WRITE A MAGAZINE!

By Annika Smits

In a galaxy far, far away... well, actually still within this galaxy, on Venus, there exists a top secret operation. It was, at least, until I began writing this.

See, the truth is, recent discoveries revealed the double life of pigeons—the unsuspecting garbage birds are actually literary and comedic geniuses. It really should have been obvious—nothing pretty is useful, so clearly such an ugly animal has immeasurable talent and must be putting it to use somewhere, somehow. So to Venus they went, a large population of pigeons immigrating with hopes of cultivating a new community fully centered on what Earth had lost sight of: pure, rustic entertainment. In that moment, our magazine was born.

The real origin of our mascot was the extraterrestrials those dear pigeons found when they crash landed into that desolate hot box of a planet (if pigeons can survive urban heat island conditions, they can tough it out one planet closer to the burning ball of fire). Although Venus's aliens are thought to look more like E.T. or those little green guys with void eyes, the limited dexterity of pigeon feet does not allow for a better depiction than a rudimentary green gremlin reminiscent of the medieval gargoyle. We cannot even research for ourselves considering the pigeons decided to cosplay as the second coming of the dinosaur asteroid and demolish the local inhabitants, their corpses to be frankensteined into taxidermied trophies.

Now, you might be wondering how these dumb little birds managed to export a flimsy magazine to this very location on far away Earth. Stolen government property, of course. Is it really stolen, though, if its disappearance allowed for improvements in the safety of USPS transportation vehicles? Yeah, blah blah blah, better visibility over the hood of the mail truck, fewer kids getting plowed down...it's all a cover up for when the pigeons hijacked and stole a generous fleet of postal toasters, kitted them out with DIY SpaceX modification packages, and blasted off into the atmosphere like a bunch of Tie-Fighters.

After countless nights of pecking away at their typewriters, the bird colony finally gets to send their most trusted delivery fowl towards dear Ann Arbor, precious cargo in tow. And that, my friends, is the real truth. The birds have infiltrated our freedom of speech, but perhaps it is for the best. The issues we humans wrote weren't funny anyway!

News

By Charlotte Mulroy

Gargoyle staff forced to do journalism by university higher ups

By Arson Bugg December 1, 2024

When the higher ups of the university told us our humble little magazine had gone too far corrupting their students with its aberrant and wacky content, Gargoyle staff continued to do what the university feared would unravel the wool-stuffed minds of its student body: create. After disobeying the first warning, the university cleared our office to the dumpster, broke our windows, and boarded up the entrance with plywood. They also sawed a hole in the floor.

Thus, our magazine was forced to succumb to the university's largest student published powerhouse: The Michigan Daily. Gargoyle staff resisted for a total of over six hours before our desperate need to create took over. What can you expect from a group of artists?! Thus, Gargoyle staff was practically forced to wander, weary and forsaken, across the hall. At first we thought we blended in, but when we all signed up for the arts section, the tyrannical Daily editors quickly realized our tastes were far more unconventional than they could have even imagined (Readers don't know or care about the critically acclaimed miniseries *Over the Garden Wall*!).

The "editors" of the Daily make the decision to put us all in the largest and seemingly safest division: news. Unaware that, through painting on campus events through such a unique lens, readers may

Correction

Week of Dec 1st

By EIC Venecia Hall

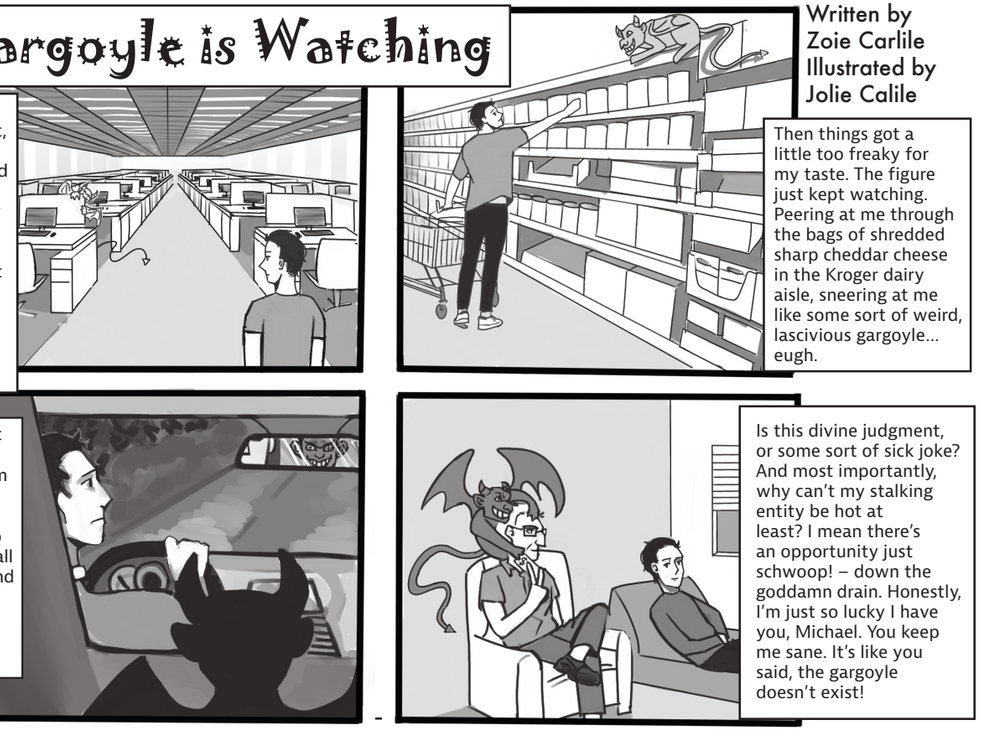
Michigan Daily editor here. I'm just popping in here to clarify that the Gargoyle staff actually wrote good pieces for the arts section. We had to transfer them to the news column because no one reads the arts section. They also frequently complained that the arts column standard word count was "too much" and they all turned their pieces in late. Their journalism has actually been fine, I mean, Bugg's article follows all the rules of objectivity and accuracy and blah blah blah

Frogs, feminism, and feeling lonely

By Emily Toddville

The Gargoyle is Watching

Written by Zoie Carlile
Illustrated by Jolie Calile


Somebody's watching me. At first, I thought maybe my astounding game had finally manifested itself into the tender workplace romance of my dreams. It looked like my secret admirer had... uhh... horns? Of some sort? But hey, that's alright, I can work with that.
Then things got a little too freaky for my taste. The figure just kept watching. Peering at me through the bags of shredded sharp cheddar cheese in the Kroger dairy aisle, sneering at me like some sort of weird, lascivious gargoyle... eugh.
Every day is fear. What are the gargoyle's intentions with me? I'm deeply uncomfortable with ambiguity, really. I mean if you intend to wine and dine me, by all means let me know. And if you want to, I don't know, haunt me for the rest of eternity I'd appreciate a heads up.
Is this divine judgment, or some sort of sick joke? And most importantly, why can't my stalking entity be hot at least? I mean there's an opportunity just schwoop! – down the goddamn drain. Honestly, I'm just so lucky I have you, Michael. You keep me sane. It's like you said, the gargoyle doesn't exist!

DISNEY BUYS OUT BELOVED CAMPUS HUMOR MAGAZINE

By Molly Anderson, Charlotte Mulroy, and Xolo Hernandez-Herrera

Disney corporate representative, Geoff Morrell, spoke with one of The Gargoyle's former staff writers, Tim Margs, regarding plans for the takeover of the renowned student humor magazine. Their conversation was recorded, unbeknownst to Morrell, and the following is the transcript from the recording:

MORRELL: The Gargoyle at The University of Michigan has become something of a legacy, which I understand and commend loudly. However, all chapters must come to a close and we [Disney] just so happen to be the one to turn that page. What The Gargoyle has built in its time on campus is tremendous, sure, but what we at Disney have in mind is something a little more palatable for the public—fun for the whole family, if you will. Now, you asked how Disney plans on changing the Gargoyle brand to best blend in with the company? As I'm sure you know, the magazine's image is a hot topic right now among the public and within the PR department. But honestly, they can relax. Once all the stuff about the Disney cruises comes out, it will buy us some time to clean up all the immoral references to homosexuality.

MARGS: I'm—I'm sorry—what stuff?

MORRELL: Gargoyle holding hands with another, indistinguishable but presumably male gargoyle. All the gay agenda shit that you guys push, you know what I mean.

MARGS: No, the cruise stuff.

MORRELL: Oh. Well, yes.

MARGS: Yes?

MORRELL: The stuff? The stuff is in the shredder.

MARGS: Okay...

MORRELL: Erm—do you want to know why Disney wanted to acquire your company in the first place? I'll let you in on a secret. We found Walt's will. He kept a list of, ya know, the 'big dogs' that he wanted the company to acquire someday. The biggest names you can think of, like 20th Century Studios and ABC. At the top of that list was The Gargoyle. We spent a lot of time trying to figure out why your magazine—this kitschy, underfunded publication was his dream buy. We still haven't been able to figure it out. Some of us like to joke that he had a competitive streak against Arthur Miller. We like to joke that Walt got vengeful and that the frozen body in the basement is actually Miller's body! We don't actually know whom it belongs to, though. I mean, Walt's will said he wished to be cremated, so it's not him. Anyway, we're keeping the gargoyle name and everything, but what we have planned is a reboot of the disney Gargoyles comic from 2009, and we figure that you guys have already done the grunt work of getting the name out there. I think the hardest part will honestly be clearing out that damn office."

Josh D'amaro, chairman of Disney experiences, was also asked for a statement on this acquiremen:

"While we're thrilled to carry on The Gargoyle's legacy, let's be real—Disney is ready to put its own spin on things," D'amaro states, practically brimming with enthusiasm. "We're rolling out an entire 'Gargoyle Cinematic Universe,' where the stone creatures of Michigan will come to life in new, family-friendly stories. They'll protect the hallowed halls of academia from threats like, I don't know, unlicensed student merchandise (we do have our lawyers on speed dial)! And yes, we're building a first person, dark ride interactive attraction to go along with it. Imagine soaring past the Law Quad and the Diag with animatronic gargoyles pointing out historical fun facts between emotional ballads, sung in the highest key possible. We already have the name for it as well: "Gargoyle's Go Blue!" We're confident it'll be a smash hit. Honestly, though? We'll be able to clean up The Gargoyle's reputation and bring honor back to the name because let's just say we found some 'souvenirs' from decades past in that office that were not quite... Mickey-approved!"

Things that Totally Exist:

By Elena Runion

1) The Fountain of Youth

→ Go to Cher's house and request to take a dip in her pool—you will join her in eternal life.

2) Ben Shapiro's Spine

→ Legend says it is locked away in an Ender Chest at the bottom of the ocean. First person to find it gets a high five.

3) The Loch Ness Monster

→ Contrary to popular belief, Nessie's place of residence is actually Lake Michigan.

4) My Attention Span

→ When found, please leave it on my porch like an abandoned baby. I will take good care of it, I swear.

5) The Single Brain Cell Shared By Congress

→ There's a chance that a bird may have swooped down and taken it away...

6) Racial and Cultural Diversity In Disney Films/Shows

→ IT EXISTS. IT IS DONE WELL AND REPRESENTS ALL PEOPLE EQUALLY AND IN TOTALLY LEGIT WAYS. I WAS DEFINITELY NOT PAID TO SAY THIS.

7) Child-like Whimsy In Adult Men

→ I am certain this exists. They refuse to act like mature adults. Ever.

8) Bigfoot

→ Look down at your feet. If those concrete slappers aren't enough proof for you, then look at your hairy uncle.

9) Common Sense

→ I promise it exists, as grim as it seems nowadays. It may only be alive in our hearts, but it's the thought that counts.

10) The Monster Under Your Bed

→ Of course he exists. He deserves to be held and cuddled lovingly as much as the next creepy guy who hides under beds (PS: he prefers to be Little Spoon).

11) GTA 6?

→ You get to read this list before getting GTA 6. Lucky you.x

BREAKING NEWS

GARGOYLE STOPS PRINTING. CLIMATE CRISIS SOLVED.

By Ruth Marks

Epic of an Unhampered Warrior

By Luke Homans

My name is Garcón and this is my tale
Of valor and conquest without any fail
Of my strong resolve and fears I know not;
I've grown tough and smart and know not a spot
Of anxious inklings that govern my life;
Glorious living bereft of all strife!

Here in this world I've got nothing to fear;
I'm ten feet tall and swift as a deer.
In many ways I'm the perfect person;
Strong and brave and with nothing to worsen
My outlook on life that's so very stellar;
I've got no demons lodged in my cellar.

More stoic a being has never been seen
Among man, among beast or Shel Silverstein!
No fears on the outside and none underneath,
I'm totally comfortable thinking 'bout teeth!
It's weird that you'd ask whether I wasn't;
I think of them more than someone who doesn't.

Goblins I've wrestled, with dripping incisors,
Vanquished they were, and been none the wiser,
To how little their fangs me affected throughout;
I've given no thought to what's in my mouth!
Genius I am, full of infinite wisdom!
Not scared of molars, nor papal schism!

"Wisdom," you say, "does that make you worry?
About impacted teeth requiring surgery?"
Damn it, no! I'm simply the best!
You say that again, I'll put a hole in your chest!
Drawn, my skills have, from faraway lands
A litany of pupils, riff-raff and brigands!
Each of whom I've happily apprenticed;
I assure you, I'm truly not afraid of the dentist.

"I'm not so convinced," you say, persisting,
"I'd believe you better if you weren't insisting
With such repetition; I'm rather appalled
That chompers have entered this story at all!"
Slanderous, libel! (Though spoken aloud)
It's utterly clear how divinely endowed
My body and psyche have always been;
I'll see you go the way of dear Ann Boleyn!

I think not of shifting, aching, the like;
They trouble me not, my internal spikes;
Pains I ignore, they consume not my mind;
When sleeping, I tell you, they but ne'er grind!
Enamel is nothing, I give it no thought!
Peace of mind can't, needn't be bought!
Each waking moment, as well as my dreams,
Are filled with thoughts happy, blithe, and supreme!

I never panic about gums giving out,
Or calcium deficient bones of the mouth.
My sleep is unfettered by nightmarish notions
Of unending rotten radular erosion!
My days unencumbered by periodontal dread,
I have not a problem with such thoughts in my head!
Unflappable I am, these things me beneath!
I'm positively, definitely not anxious 'bout teeth!

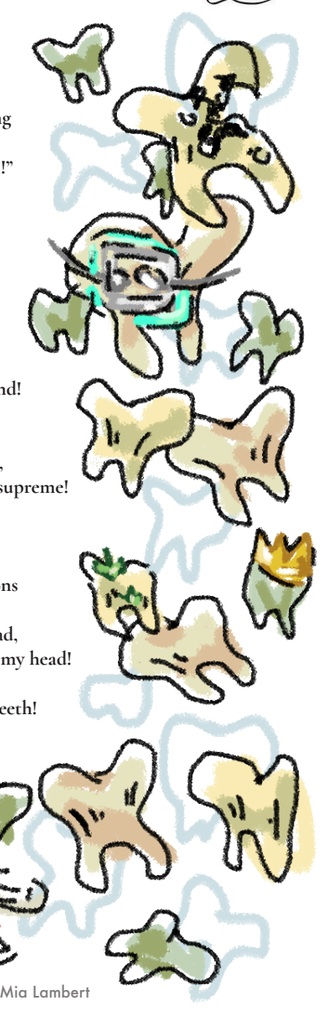


Illustration by Mia Lambert

IF YOU WEREN'T IN THE GARGOYLE, WHAT WOULD YOU BE DOING?

Having an ayahuasca "awakening" that permanently scrambles my brain in a manner that would absolve me from all willful participation in polite society.
-Luke

I would be a member of the Harlem Globetrotters.
-Sam B.

Finally know peace.
-Eve

I'd never know the true skill that it takes to win Twilight Scene It!
-Maddie

I would be on my 14th generation in my Sims 3 legacy instead of only my 7th.
-Lara

Finally take my rightful place in the woods with those silly little gnomes, cmon I know you've seen them too. You've seen them, right?
-Zoie

Sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll.
-Mia L.

I'd have gone my whole life without knowing what Whore 2 is.
-Charlie

Work on an oil rig. Or be an oil rig.
-Ping

I would revolutionize the muppeteer industry.
-Paolo

I would probably be able to look at gothic architecture like a normal, well-adjusted person.
-Ruth

Dedicating my life to making historically accurate clothing from the Stone Age
-Molly

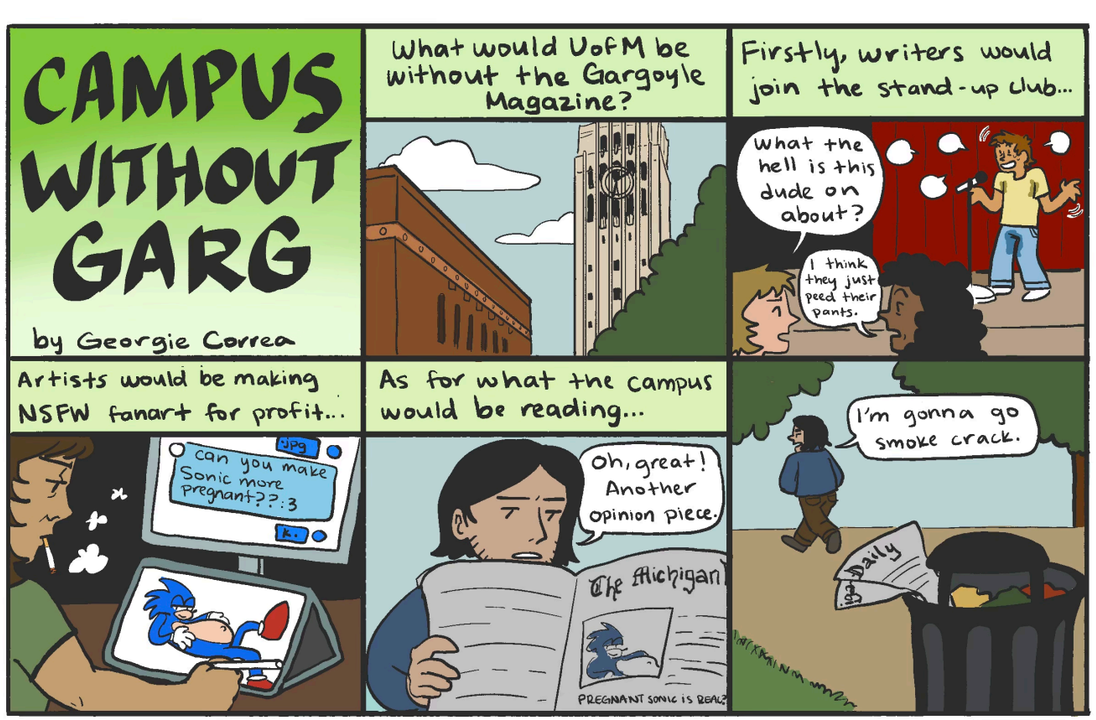
I would probably be time traveling back and forth from 2024 to 1920's Paris for my shifts as a cabaret girl with a fuck ass bob and coke addiction.
-Xolo

I would have for sure solved world peace by now
-Madison

Winning the F1 Drivers Championship in a Stake F1 Team Kick Sauber car.
-Annika

By Madison Dennis

COSTUME & PROPS
ANIMATRONICS
EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH
ANYPING IS POSSIBLE!
ADULT
VERY FUNNY DAILY NEWSPAPER
THIS IS MY HALLOWEEN COSTUME
NO
THAT ONE GUY
WHATEVER THIS IS
FREAKY ASS BEAR
Hi welcome to Spirit Halloween™, the best thing to happen to the Student Publications Building since 1909. Please let me know if you need any help or if the mildew and dust bunnies start fighting back.


CAMPUS WITHOUT GARG
by Georgie Correa
What would UofM be without the Gargoyle Magazine?
Firstly, writers would join the stand-up club...
What the hell is this dude on about?
I think they just peed their pants.
Artists would be making NSFW fanart for profit...
As for what the campus would be reading...
can you make Sonic more pregnant??:3
k.
Oh, great! Another opinion piece.
The Michigan
PREGNANT SONIC IS REAL?
I'm gonna go smoke crack.
Daily

By Georgie Correa

A Conversation with Billie Eilish

By Trey Norbey

Since her breakthrough in 2019, the collaboration between pop singer-songwriter Billie Eilish and older brother Finneas has been well-documented, though their formula for success has remained highly enigmatic. Now off the heels of her massively successful third album Hit Me Hard and Soft, the missing puzzle piece seems to have finally been revealed. The Gargoyle managed to get the inside scoop on her long-kept secret second producer brother, "Pherb O'Connell," in an interview this past Friday:

Gargoyle: If you don't mind me asking, why through the past half-decade of global media attention has the public never heard about this other brother of yours?

Billie: He's honestly just not much of a talker. He'll typically just sit under a tree in our backyard until Finneas says something like "Pherb, I know what we're going to do today." And then they get to work.

Gargoyle: What a fascinating creative process, I'd love to pick his brain about it some time. How did this all start?

Billie: They've been working together since we were all really young, actually. I remember catching them producing what would eventually become my debut single "sHE's brOKen," and at the time I tried to get them in trouble over it - god, I was such a teenager back then. I just shouted, "MOM, Finneas and Pherb pirated FL Studio from a link off Reddit!"

Gargoyle: Wow, sounds like you three have come a long way from that sibling rivalry. Do you guys have any upcoming projects to announce?

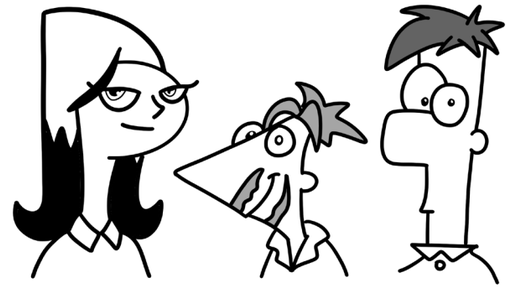
Billie: We were planning a collaborative album with the band Jane's Addiction since they just got back together, but that fell through unfortunately. The lead singer didn't even show up to our first session - we were all just like, "Hey, where's Perry?"

Gargoyle: Christ, that one was a stretch. We should probably kill this bit off before people really get sick of reading this.

Billie: I know, it's like "we get it, it's a reference to the Disney show." Why do they still let this guy write for this worthless rag anyway?

Gargoyle: Agreed. Well, thanks for taking the time to chat with me today, and I'd love to catch up more another time. What'cha doin' Saturday?

Billie: Dude, seriously? I thought we just said we were done with this. Let's just move on to the next piece already.



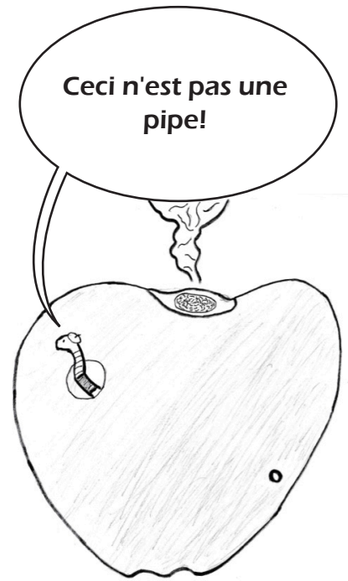
Sexy Cryptid Seen in Southeast Missouri

By Jess Morton

"The thing was neckin' on my dear Marnie... I feared I'd lost her," recounts Dale Miller, a Wayne County soybean farmer. "I'm not strictly a one-woman man, but I don't want that trespassin' freak givin' my darlin' wife the Louisiana slammer," said the flustered cultivator.

All over Southeast Missouri, reports of a short, slender, and suave goblin-like creature have poured in, with locals dubbing it "the Gargoyle." Most spectators/citizens describe a certain je nais se quois – a sort of peculiar, engrossing aura, and a smooth, resonant voice, the kind of pipes only found in the greatest of jazz baritones. Most spectators also describe an irresistible, raw, primal, and supernaturally erotic appeal that absolutely no one could resist, and a collective sexual awakening the following morning, sociologists comparing the night to a "microcosm of the 1970s sexual liberation movement."

Fortunately, the Gargoyle was only seen for a brief, albeit eventful evening. As a once dying town, locals are optimistic about the predicted "baby boom" set to occur in the next nine months, sure to bring jobs and joyous little baby lizard creatures into their community. Several ongoing investigations are attempting to answer the question on everyone's mind: "Will the Gargoyle return? That'd be real scary...we'd totally hate that." Yes, we would hate that. We speak as one when we say, Gargoyle... baby..... please text back.



By Luke Homans

Announcing The University's 2030 Plan Inbox ×

President Ono <targetemail@umich.edu>
to me

By Bethany Stahlin

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Dear colleagues and friends, students, faculty, and staff:

Today I have the privilege of announcing The University's 2030 plan for the free space on the second floor of the Student Publications building. Once, this room was used by students to honor deviance and immorality, but I now have the opportunity to make this room great again. The Board of Regents in collaboration with the President's office, have laid out three different options for this space. We ask that you vote for the best option using **this link**.

1. **A Wellness Zone**: While there is a Wellness Zone not even three minutes away from the Student Publications Building, a defining part of my tenure is the wellness of students. I propose that this space be used to hold only massage chairs, as all of the ones in the Union were broken by undeserving, worthless students. In order to prevent these chairs from being broken too, I will station a security guard outside the room who will ensure that the only students who have access to this zone are those who have honored my name in a demonic ritual in the last 3 days.

2. **Office for a Normal Campus Magazine**: A group of students reached out to me and said they had been waiting for that Den of Promiscuity to fall so they could have access to an office within the Student Publications Building. They call themselves the 'Concrete Slab,' and they promise to publish normal and accessible jokes that honor the Christian God and do not rely on knowledge of 'Whore 2' to understand.

3. **A Multicultural Lounge Dedicated to me, Santa J. Ono**: Across campus, we have multiple multicultural lounges within dorm buildings dedicated to social activists and change makers, and it's about time we dedicate one to the best University president: me. I propose that we create a space for community building that is dedicated to my numerous accomplishments, especially the strides towards diversity, equity, and inclusion I have made during my presidency (don't listen to those idiots at the New York Times).

Again, please fill out **this ballot** so your voice can be heard. I can't wait to ignore your feedback and just go with what I wanted it to be in the first place.

Santa J. Ono
President, Visionary, Insta Baddie

Please do not reply to this email, it is not monitored and we do not care.

Obituaries

Chester Boudreaux Gargfield Jr.

In Loving Memory

In this issue, we honor Chester Boudreaux Gargfield Jr., who tragically fell feet-first into a wood chipper this past month. After being grinded (ground?) into a million pieces, he was rushed to the hospital where he passed away with his family at his side. He is survived by his loving wife Tabitha and his bastard son Henry. Gargfield was born sometime in the thirteenth century, when he was carved out of stone by an unknown French sculptor. In his early life, he served as an adorned waterspout on the side of a cathedral. During this period, which would later prove to be his golden years, Gargfield sat upon his perch and watched empires rise and fall like the tides. Every day, visitors would look up to him in awe, stricken with glorious reverence and fear. Somehow, Gargfield still wasn't satisfied with this life and traveled overseas seeking fulfillment. In frustration, he fell into a life of debauchery and crime, which culminated in the period he spent as the mascot and namesake for a college humor magazine in the United States. At rock bottom and desperate to find a way to support his gambling addiction and family, he agreed to have his identity reduced to "The Gargoyle," and continuously humiliate himself in order to represent a group of unserious teenage hooligans. Gargfield's monumental fall from grace will go down in history as a cautionary tale, hopefully steering those who remember him in a better direction.

By Sam Baumgardner

Terrorizing Polite Society

Illustrated by Severin Orr

Written by Jamie Simons and Trey Norbey

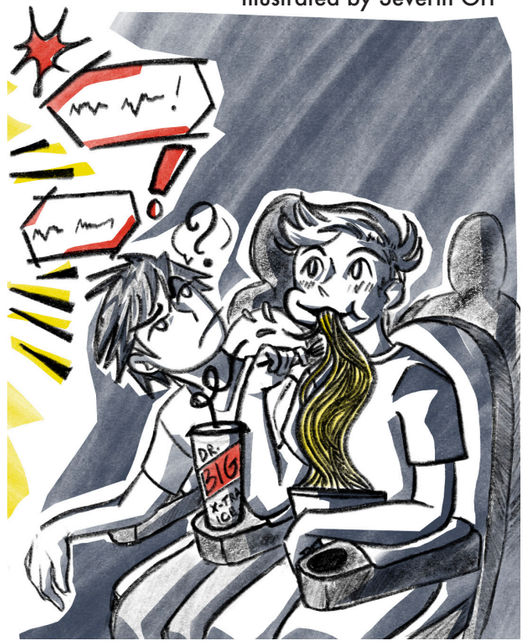
Interested in completely alienating yourself from polite society? Well look no further! Here are some handy tips from the minds of two deranged human beings walking amongst you on the otherwise elegant and courteous streets of Ann Arbor.

Dinner Theater: Next time you find yourself making a trip to the movies, bring an entire order of takeout into the theater with you, making sure to slurp it down as loudly and obnoxiously as possible, preferably in the direction of one of your seat neighbors. If all else fails, lean over and whisper "got a fork?"

Haircut Hijinx: When you're at the salon, you may have noticed just how good having your scalp touched feels. Show some gratitude next time you're getting your hair trimmed, and start moaning once your hairdresser touches your curly locks. Certainly, they won't mind as long as you leave a big tip!

Antique Antics: Upon your next visit to your local antique mall, entertain yourself and those around you by pointing directly at the first old thing you see. Then, simply gather any nearby employees before shouting "eww, what the hell is that!!?!"

Baby Fever: Have you ever wondered how old your parents were when they conceived you? If they were your age, you're failing in life! Start looking for a partner to share your baby fever with–you can get dating apps, sure, but running up to cars stopped on State St. and begging the drivers to copulate is just as effective!



By Madeline Lewis

RUSH ΓΑΡΓ

By Mia Norbey

🦫🦫HELLOOO 👋👋🤠 to the lovely students of MICHIGAN 🤠 it's the boyz of Gamma Alpha Rho Gamma inviting YOU to a night 🌚🙂 of COMEDIC 👯👯 FUN ‼️ The brothers here are committed to building 🤵 STRONG 💪 💪💪 men through 🤵💪💔OVE 💞💞 and LAUGHTER 😂🤣 and WANT YOU 👊🎁 to show up to 👀 watch 👀😏 and learn 📚🤓 from the BEST comedy writers 🎩👯 on campus 👯🧡💙 In the student publications building 🏫 we shall gather for a night 🌃 of stories 📖📖 and laughter 😂 🤣 Whether you love 💞 dad jokes 👨 or high class 🥇 comedy WE WILL provide 🤝 BOYZ — the ladies 💃💃 will fall at your feet 👣👣 because the funny guy CANNOT. BE. BEAT. 🏆🏆 Men 🏆🤾 the babes will run to your DMs 📱📱 after a GARG brother romances them 🌹💐🌹🌹 so to ALL you lovely ladies 😘💃 bring your banging 💥🧨 babes 🍑🍑 to Gamma Alpha Rho Gamma next MONDAY NIGHT ‼️🔥 The brothers 🤾‍♂️🤵 are bringing you the best entertainment 🎬😜 Student Publications can buy 💵💵 for a night you CANNOT ❌❌ MISS ‼ The addy is 420 Maynard Street and IT IS THE PLACE TO BE ❌🔥🍷🍓💯🤘🌄

xoxo gents of ΓΑΡΓ 😏😈🫶

By Annika Smits

I know what you want for Christmas...
A new festive album by your favorite artist, Gary G. Oyle!
Featuring your favorite classic tunes:
~ All I Want For Christmas Is My Two Big Horns
~ Jingle my Balls
~ Hallelujah (Jersey Club Remix)
And a brand new original:
~ Open My Present (There's A Surprise Inside) (I Bet You Can't Guess What It Is)
By Kate Bonello

GÁRG'S NOT DEAD: A REVIEW

By Jess Morton

Political ambition, when stifled, can erupt onto the world stage in a variety of fascinating ways. In Darren Arronofsky's new feature film Gárg's not Dead, long lost maternal visions birth a thriving socialist utopia.

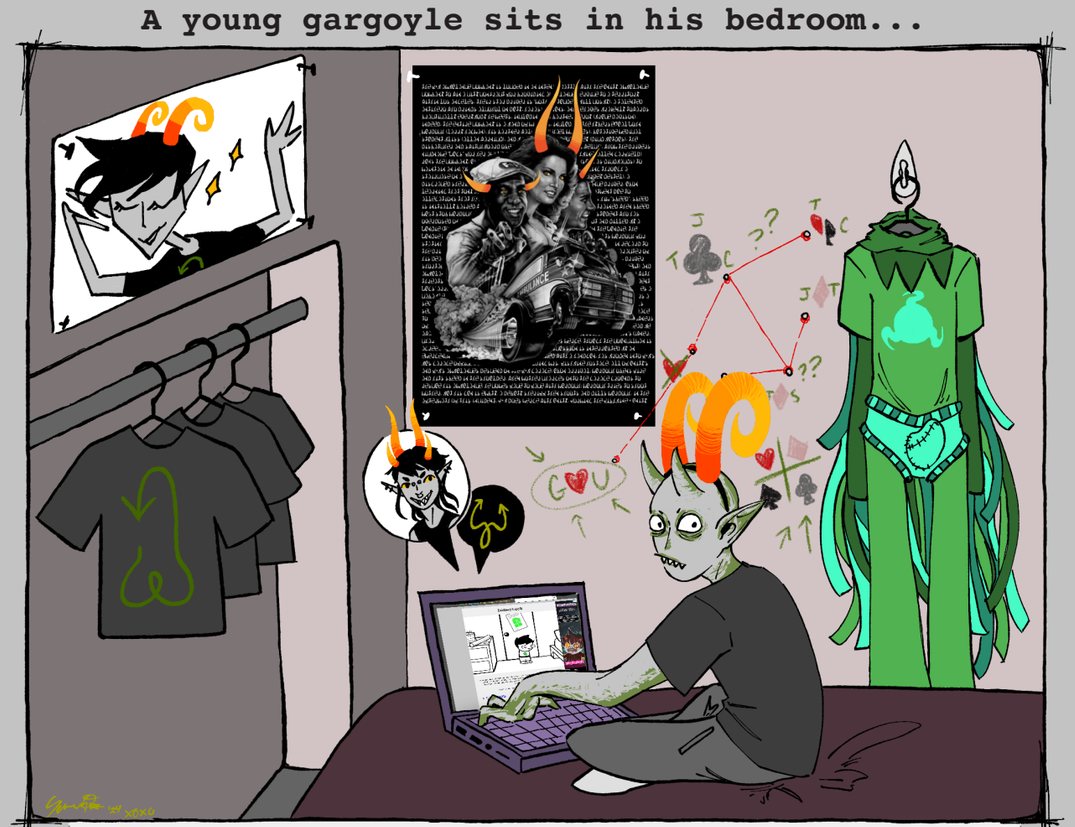
An exercise in directorial rigor deemed "politically irresponsible" by the United States Department of Defense, Arronofsky shows the world a more empathetic vision of Juan Peron's life and the fallen political dominoes that led to Argentina's 1943 Peronist military coup.

The animated film uses state-of-the-art RealFold™ skin-rendering technology, first invented for use in Pixar's Coco, enabling an almost photo-real depiction of the young Peron's grandmother, Gárgola "Gárg" Peron. The creasal depth speaks to the moral complexity of her storied past, as well as her socialist resolve. Gárg gives fuel to the young Juan's revolutionary spirit in the film's 3rd musical number "Collective Ownership Lullaby," a tune whistled by Peron throughout the film and a powerful reminder of why he fights on.

Peron's Econ 101 professor, the young, charming, and staunchly capitalist Professor Roosevelt powerfully parallels the United States' role as a Goliath-like figure to Peron's David-esque political ideas. Here, this feud takes the form of a 10-page paper on the ills of socialism. A downtrodden yet passionate Peron's refusal to cooperate coincides with his steadfast recruitment of a paramilitary battalion, a montage sequence artfully scored by Mitski.

In the climactic final scene, we see Peron, Argentina's new leader, crushing the throat of a thrashing Professor Roosevelt beneath his jackboot. Breathlessly, the cowering capitalist accepts Socialism into his hollow, fiat heart and sobs to a hitherto unseen golden heart-shaped locket containing an image of Fidel Castro. The camera pans out as the Peronists chant "Gárg no está muerta," critically emphasizing the importance of Gárg, a true grandmother to us all.

Ultimately, Gárg's Not Dead: Justice for Buenos Aires turns a textbook historical event into a carefully crafted, masterfully rendered tearjerker that begs the question: Socialism, yeah?

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-- conjoinedTongues [CT] began pestering garGoyle [GG] at 16:20 --

CT: «thIIs IIs goIIng to be a WeIIrd one to WrIIte
CT: «II haven't been IIn gargoyle for as long as other people have
WhIIch IIs fIIne you knoW
CT: «but lIIke
CT: «II feel lIIke II dIIdn't have enough tIIme
CT: «and II knoW that maybe thIIs IIsn't the rIIght place to get all
touchy feely and Whatever sIInce thIIs IIs a braIInrot humor
magazIIne and We WrIIte about pIIss and shIIt and cum
CT: «but the gargoyle Welcomed me WIIth open arms
CT: «and IIt's noW home to some of my closet frIIends
CT: «and noW that II have to say goodbye
CT: «II don't really knoW hoW
CT: «II'm excIIted to graduate fIInally and excIIted to go back home
to phIIlly but II'm also so scared of leavIIng
CT: «and losIIng contact WIIth all the amazIIng people here
CT: «but II stIIll hold out hope that We WIIll meet agaIIn and that
thIIs IIsn't really "goodbye" but rather sIImply the start of a neW
chapter
CT: «II truly from the bottom of my heart thank you all
CT: «and II deeply love you and the communIIty We've created
CT: «see you around <33333
GG: oh my god shut up you fucking freak just leave already 8=======D

-- conjoinedTongues [CT] ceased pestering garGoyle [GG] at 16:30 --
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By Severin Orr

List of Things That COULD Be Funny

By Silvia Negrut

Esteemed Garg reader,
I'm a little rusty writing-wise after a summer full of scrolling reels and hating my internship, so I hope you understand that I couldn't possibly be asked to put together a fully thought-out piece. So here's things that could be funny if you really think about it:

- Lung cancer from habitual cigarette smoking (oops)
- A tiny man who watches you from the next door window
- Not getting your phone fixed after it breaks
- Puking in the Big House bathroom after 15 Mai Tais from the concession stand
- This thing right now that I'm writing
- Bleeding through a super-plus tampon in 25 minutes while wearing white Daisy Dukes
- Finding your one true love
- The Michigan Daily politics section
- Film majors
- A DJ who only plays Jersey Club remixes
- Getting really into chess
- Pat Sajak and Vanna White fanfic
- The ripe odor of a CompSci lecture hall
- Stealing the moon
- Burping and farting at the same time

PHANTOM CONSTRUCTION

Michigan's Invisible Campus

By Alex Voorhees

In Ann Arbor, construction is everywhere—yet somehow, nowhere at all. There are always fences propped up, machines rumbling in the distance, and students sidestepping detours, but year after year, no grand openings, no ribbon cuttings. It sometimes seems like an elaborate prank.

Ever seen anyone actually working at these sites? Neither have we. Rumor has it the university is running a psychological experiment, testing how long students will dodge around empty plots, believing in a campus that's forever "improving." Every semester, we're shown gleaming renderings of grand buildings and amenities, but they seem to disappear from memory within just a few weeks.

And then there are the cones, multiplying overnight—strewn across pristine sidewalks that need no fixing and abandoned lawns no one has stepped on for years. They appear without warning, as if dropped from the sky by some secretive force with motives beyond our comprehension. They might mark progress of some kind—or maybe they're just decoys in a larger plot, a ploy to keep us off-balance, always wondering what's really going on. Michigan's legacy isn't in its buildings; it's in the grand theater of perpetual construction. A campus forever promising change, yet somehow managing to stay exactly the same.

Who knows, maybe the real construction was the friends we made along the way?

WARNING WARNING WARNING

Drama in the Mommy Facebook Group!

By Xolo Hernandez-Herrera and Bethany Stahlin

Mama Bears!
Susan and Jeff Christian

Hey mama bears!!
My 214 month son Bracxton-Hytch just learned about the outside world, and now he wants a Lunchly for his lunch instead of my homemade sourdough and bone marrow sandwich. He says that all the cool kids at his homeschool co-op are eating them, and he wants to as well! I knew that letting my children out of the house was a horrible idea, but my idiot husband thought it would be good for their "social and emotional development." I told him the best thing for social development was Jesus Christ Our Lord Amen. Any advice on how to teach my son to not fall into the way of the sinners and to convince my husband to remove him from this demonic co-op?

Mama Bears!
misseswineoclock

Hey bad mama!
I totally get how you feel! Back when my little Mikayleighlynn was just a tiny, little, sugar, baby, angel, sweetheart, she asked me for these things called "Shopkins" and my Lord did my eyes hurt as I laid my eyes on those spawns of Satan!

Mama Bears!
Susan and Jeff Christian

Hey baddie!
Thank you for letting me know that I should be on the lookout for my daughter Brooklyieghn bringing home 'shopkins,' however you didn't actually answer my question??? I thought this was a supportive and helpful Facebook group??? I'd hate to have to ban you 🙂

Mama Bears!
misseswineoclock

Hello mawmasitta!
I was actually gonna say more before you rudely interrupted me! I was gonna give you some good advice (like keeping little Bracxton-Hytch inside his beige room for 5 weeks or making a family vlog about sending him to a Christian reform camp and bear sanctuary) but no! You want to be a rude son of a gun! I hope Bracxton-Hytch ends up developing a superiority complex and starts a podcast for the MAINSTREAM audience! I HOPE HE COMES OUT AS BISEXUAL, A STARBUCKS BARISTA AND IN A POLYAMOUROUS RELATIONSHIP WITH TWO MEN FROM ORLANDO! (could go for a skinny vanilla almond milk latte, though!) Enjoy the rest of your day gorg! God bless!

Mama Bears!
Susan and Jeff Christian

Wooow! I can't believe you would hope that my beautiful son Bracxton-Hytch would end up a homosexual barista!! You clearly don't value the youth of America or the God given love that mothers have for other people's children!!!! I'm removing you from this Facebook group and blocking you! Have a good day mama 💖💖

Frederick Nietzsche's Poor Meatball

By Trey Norbey and Charlie Splete

Frederick Nietzsche was seated
by the ivy-strewn walls
of an Italian eatery
famous for its meat-a-balls.

Pouring wine with companions
Old Freddie would dote:
"How abundant is life
with both meaning and hope?"

Queueing up for his meal
of that sausagey sphere,
he licked his lips thusly
and shed a few tears

For that beautiful meatball
o'er top of his spag' .
If he weren't to consume it
T'would be quite a drag.

His dish was prepared
with grace and with haste,
packed with garlic and parsley and
tomato paste.

But that server was clumsy,
a daft oaf indeed.
And the dish was delivered
with worrisome speed

"Pardon, monsieur."
the doltish host spoke.
Nietzche and his guests
simply laughed at the joke.

The philosopher gazed
with bright, twinkling eyes.
"What ho!" said good Fred.
"This spaghetti's all mine!"

But before he could away
and bid Fred adieu,
the waiter reeled back
and let out achoo.

"Damn knave!" cried poor Nietzsche
"You ignorant ape!
"You'll scatter my meatball
Across the landscape!"

But mere words are no match
For such a beastly nose rocket.
And that poor meatball flew off
Before he could stop it.

It rolled out the door
That some diphthong left ajar,
gave the finger to Frederick
and traveled real far.

It rolled down the street
and out the dang city.
Then all through the countryside
Oh crud! What a pity!

Then the bitch sprouted wings
and flew out the planet,
to its own meatball world
where nobody could have it.

How tragic and awful
was that saucy display,
as that waiter's gust of snot
blew his entree away.

And the busboy overheard
while picking up the last noodle:
"Life is utterly meaningless
and to find purpose is futile."

The (Gargoyle) Office Rejected Pilot Script

by Charlie Splete Illustrated by Ruth Marks

INT. GARGOYLE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Meeting time at the Gargoyle office.
Editor-in-Chief LUKE addresses the gang:

LUKE
Okay everyone, it's time to start planning for our next issue.

ANNIKA
Maybe once the rest of the staff are here!

The audience laughs. A tumbleweed blows through the office.

PING
That's a good point, where is everybody?

CHARLIE walks into the office. The audience applauds and whistles.

CHARLIE
Sorry gang, just takin' care of some…

He lowers his sunglasses and stares at the camera.

CHARLIE
…business!

Charlie takes a seat while JAMIE finishes writing in their quadrant on the whiteboard.

JAMIE
Can I write a piece about my bad album of the week?

RUTH
Does it need art?

LUKE
Maybe we should wait-

JAQUELINE, MIA, and OLIVIA poke their heads into the doorframe of the office.

ALL THREE
(like a barbershop quartet)
Hello… Hello… Hello!

Cheers from the audience as they enter.

SABRINA
I think that's everyone!

LUKE
Now we can finally…

Luke looks around the office.

LUKE
Hold on, where's Trey?

INT. THE BLIND PIG - OPEN MIC NIGHT

TREY stands in front of a brick wall, Seinfield-style.

TREY
Gargoyle? I hardly know her!

Thunderous applause and laughter from the audience. Trey winks at the camera and freeze frames.

TITLE: TREY AT DA BAH!
Airs Wednesdays at 9 PM.

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